

# The Second Coming

Chelsea Grin

No more heroes  
No more ties  
No more saviours  
No more lies  
Promise me, promise me that with a crown of thorns  
I will be made devine in the eyes of the damned  
I lead the path unto a blackened world

I drank the blood of the saints  
I'm a vessel of unholiness  
Vessel of unholiness  
I am more than a malignant spirit

I will spread my plague until the sun blacks out  
Promise me  
Promise me  
Promise me  
No more heroes

Promise me  
No more saviours  
You want a God?  
I'll give you something to live for  
Promise me that I will be made God

Promise me  
Feel my hate and sacrifice your entity  
No more ties  
No more saviours  
No more lies